

It is you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,  
And pierce the iunest Center of the earth:  
Then when you come to *Pluto's* Region,  
I pray you deliver him this petition,  
Tell him it is for iustice, and for aide,  
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,  
Shaken with sorrowes in vngatefull Rome,  
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,  
What time I threw the peoples suffrages  
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.  
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,  
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,  
This wicked Emperour may haue ships her hence,  
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice.

*Marc.* O *Publius* is not this a heauie case  
To see thy Noble Vnckle thus distract?

*Publ.* Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,  
By day and night attend him carefully:  
And feede his humour kindly as we may,  
Till time beget some carefull remedie.

*Marc.* Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.  
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,  
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,  
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

*Tit.* *Publius* how now? how now my Maisters?  
What haue you mer with her?

*Publ.* No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,  
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,  
Marrie for iustice she is so imploy'd,  
He thinks with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else:  
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Tit.* He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,  
He diue into the burning Lake below,  
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heeles.  
*Marcus* we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,  
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,  
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the very backe,  
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:  
And fith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,  
We will sollicite heauen, and moue the Gods  
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:  
Come to this gear, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He giues them the Arrows.  
*Ad Iouem*, that's for you: here *ad Appollonem*,  
*Ad Martem*, that's for my selfe.  
Heere Boy to *Pallas*, heere to *Mercury*,  
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,  
You were as good to shoote against the winde.  
Too it Boy, *Marcus* loofe when I bid:  
Of my word, I haue written to effect,  
Ther's not a God left vnfollicited.

*Marc.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,  
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

*Tit.* Now Maisters draw, Oh well said *Lucius*:  
Good Boy in *Virgo's* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

*Marc.* My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,  
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

*Tit.* Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?  
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

*Marc.* This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,  
The Bull being gal'd, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,  
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,  
And who should finde them but the Emperesse villaine:  
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choofe  
But giue them to his Maister for a present.

*Tit.* Why there it goes, God giue your Lordship ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.  
*Titus.* Newes, newes, from heauen,  
*Marcus* the poast is come.

*Sirrah*, what tydings? haue you any letters?  
Shall I haue Iustice, what sayes *Iupiter*?

*Clowne.* Ho the libbetmaker, he sayes that he hath ta-  
ken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd  
till the next weeke.

*Tit.* But what sayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?

*Clowne.* Alas fir I know not *Iupiter*:  
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

*Tit.* Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

*Clowne.* I of my Pigeons fir, nothing else.

*Tit.* Why, didst thou not come from heauen?

*Clowne.* From heauen? Alas fir, I neuer came there,  
God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heauen in my  
young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the  
Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt  
my Vnckle, and one of the Emperials men.

*Marc.* Why fir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your  
Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigeons to the Emperour  
from you.

*Tit.* Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Em-  
perour with a Grace?

*Clowne.* Nay truely fir, I could neuer say grace in all  
my life.

*Tit.* *Sirrah* come hither, make no more adoe,  
But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,  
By me thou shalt haue Iustice at his hands.  
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges,  
Giue me pen and inke.

*Sirrah*, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication?

*Clowne.* I fir.

*Titus.* Then here is a Supplication for you, and when  
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele,  
then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and  
then looke for your reward. He be at hand fir, see you do  
it brauely.

*Clowne.* I warrant you fir, let me alone.

*Tit.* *Sirrah* hast thou a knife? Come let me see it,  
Heere *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,  
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant:  
And when thou hast giuen it the Emperour,  
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

*Clowne.* God be with you fir, I will.

*Tit.* Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Enter Emperour and Emperesse, and her two Sonnes, the  
Emperour brings the Arrows in his hand  
that *Titus* shot at him.

*Satur.* Why Lords,  
What wrongs are these? was euer seene  
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,  
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent  
Of egall iustice, v'd in such contempt?  
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,  
(How euer these disturbers of our peace  
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,  
But euen with law against the willfull Sonnes  
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if  
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelm'd his wits,  
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,  
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterness?  
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse.  
See, heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,

This

This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:  
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome.

What's this but Libelling against the Senate,  
And blazoning our Iniustice euery where?

A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?  
As who would say, in Rome no Iustice were.

But if I liue, his fained extasies  
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:

But he and his shall know, that Iustice liues  
In *Saturninus* health; whom if he sleepe,

Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall  
Cut off the proud, 't' Conspirator that lyes.

*Tam.* My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,  
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,

Came thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,  
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,

Whose losse hath pierc'd him deepe, and scard his heart;  
And rather comfort his distressed plight,

Then prosecute the meanest of the best  
For these contempts. Why thus it shall become

High witted *Tamora* to glose with all:  
But *Titus*, I haue touch'd thee to the quicke,

Thy life blood out: If *Aaron* now be wise,  
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter *Clowne*.  
How now good fellow, wouldst thou speake with vs?

*Clow.* Yea forsooth, and your Mistrhip be Emperiall.  
*Tam.* Emperesse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

*Clow.* 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;  
I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigeons heere.

He reads the Letter.  
*Satur.* Goe take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clowne.* How much money must I haue?  
*Tam.* Come *Sirrah* you must be hang'd.

*Clow.* Hang'd? bet Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck  
to a faire end.

*Satur.* Delightfull and intollerable wrongs,  
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this fame deuise proceedes:  
May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,

That dy'd by law for murder of our Brother,  
Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?

Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,  
Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priuiledge:

For this proud mocke, he be thy slaughter man:  
Sly franticke wretch, that holp't to make me great,  
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.

Enter *Nunius Emilius*.  
*Satur.* What newes with thee *Emilius*?

*Emil.* Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,  
The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power

Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle  
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct

Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus*:  
Who threats in course of this reuenge to do

As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.  
*King.* Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes?

These tydings nip me, and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:

I now begins our sorrowes to approach,  
'Tis he the common people loue so much,

My selfe hath often heard them say,  
(When I haue walked like a priuate man)

That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,  
And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

*Tam.* Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?

*King.* I, but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,  
And will reuolt from me, to succour him.

*Tam.* *King*, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.  
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?

The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,  
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,  
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.

Euen so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,  
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,

I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,  
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous:

Then baies to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe;  
When as the one is wounded with the baite,

The other rotted with delicious foode,  
*King.* But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.

*Tam.* If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will:  
For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,

With golden promises, that were his heart  
Almost Impregnable, his old eares deafe,

Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue.  
Goe thou before to our Embassadour,

Say, that the Emperour requests a parly:  
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

*King.* *Emilius* do this message Honourably,  
And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.  
*Emil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually.

*Tam.* Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,  
And temper him with all the Art I haue,

To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes,  
And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,

And bury all thy feare in my deuises.  
*Satur.* Then goe successantly and plead for him.

Exit.

### Actus Quintus.

Flourish. Enter *Lucius* with an Army of Gothes,  
with Drum and Souldiers.

*Luci.* Approued warriours, and my faithfull Friends,  
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,

Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,  
And how desirous of our sight they are.

Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witnesse,  
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,

And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

*Goth.* Braue slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,  
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,

Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,  
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:

Behold in vs, wee cle follow where thou lead'st,  
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,

Led by their Maister to the flower'd fields,  
And be aueng'd on curst *Tamora*:

And as he saith, so say we all with him.  
*Luci.* I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.

But who comes heere, led by a lusty *Goth*?  
Enter a *Goth* leading of *Aaron* with his child  
in his armes.

*Goth.* Renowned *Lucius*, from our troups I straid,  
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,

And